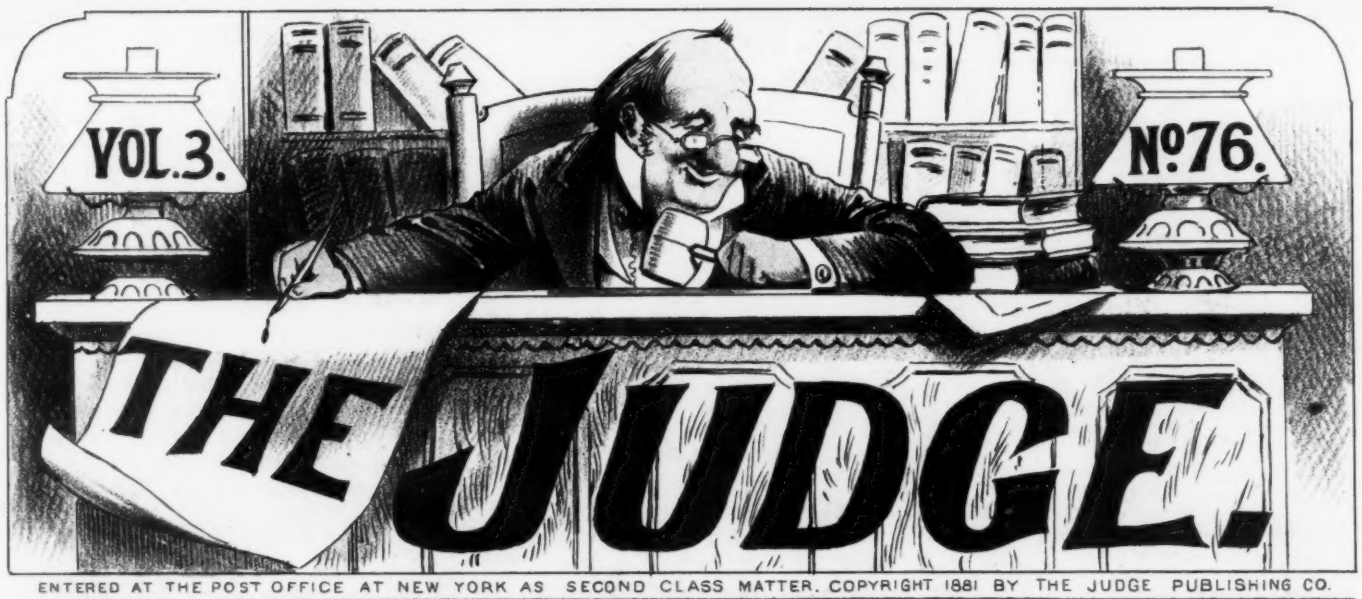

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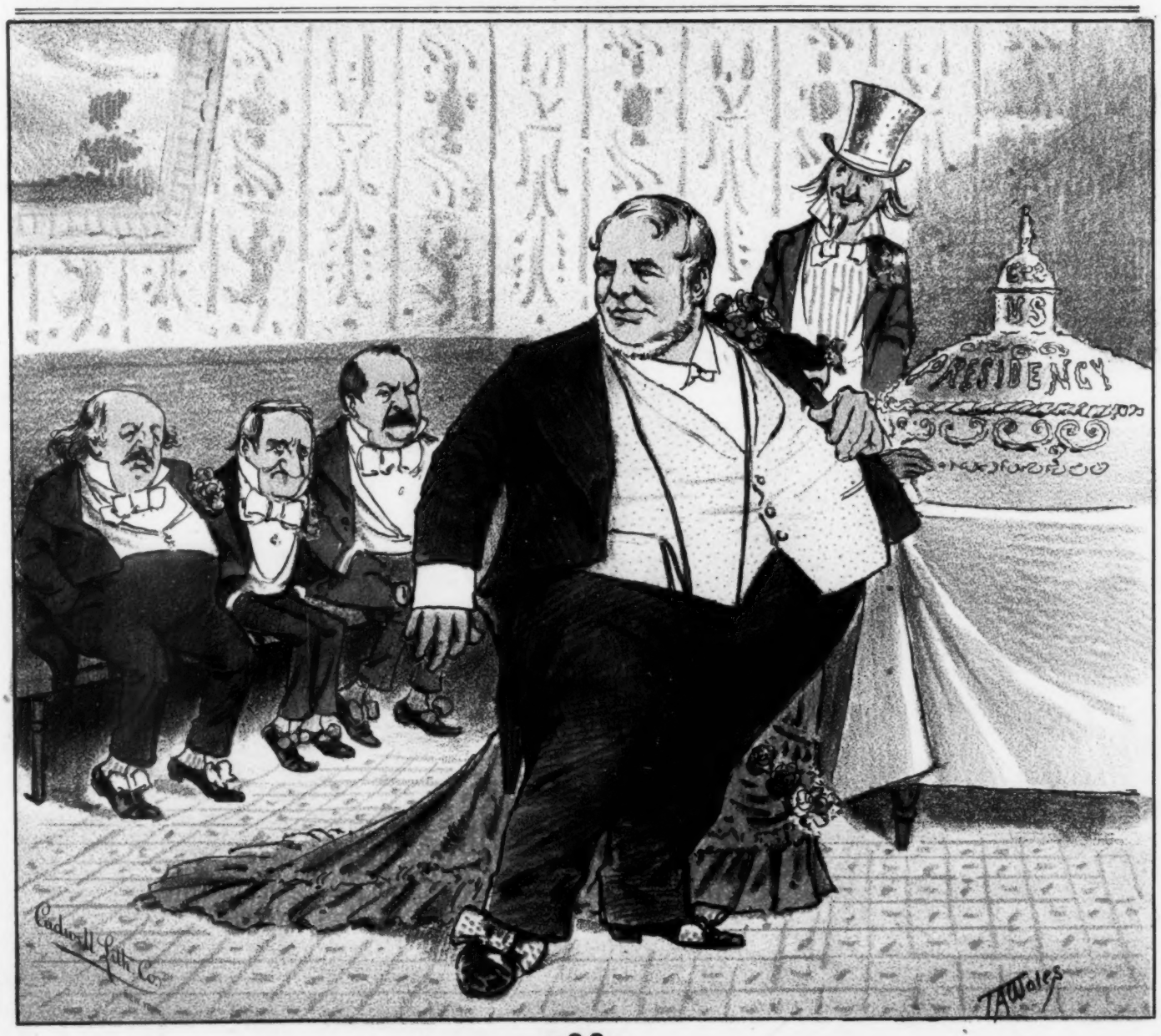

1884.

DAVID DAVIS—"Come, boys, get your partners and fall in for the cake-walk."

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

In an entirely new suit, from type and belongings, to management and ownership, with this issue The Judge makes his weekly bow. While his readers are expressing pleased surprise at the change, a few remarks may be both judicious and appropriate.

Recognizing the fact that the world lives and moves, The Judge will do his best to further the tendency, but vulgarity and bad taste will not be among his levers. Likewise ancient art, history and Joe Millerism, in general, may fear no resurrection at his hands.

It is The Judge's ambition to live abreast of the present age, or ahead of it, as the case may require, to be independent in thought and action, to employ the very best American literary and artistic talent, and to make a comic periodical which no gentleman will be ashamed to read in the family circle.

Readers of The Judge who have taken his hand kindly in the past will see reason, we hope, to continue their intimacy in the future, and make it a point to early introduce their friends as well.

Very respectfully,
The Judge.

1884.

Newspapers throughout the country have freely badgered Presidential candidates who are bachelors or widowers, claiming that the occupant of the White House should have a wife. Taking this view of the case, the newspapers must now admit that ex-Senator David Davis is an eligible candidate for the Presidency, and that Governor Cleveland, Governor Butler, and ex-Governor Tilden have not fully qualified. We urge upon Messrs. Cleveland, Butler and Tilden the necessity of preparing themselves for what might be called the Presidential cake-walk of 1884, and trust that they will not be found gloomy and alone when the ex-Senator of Illinois merrily shouts, "Come, boys, get your partners, and fall in for the cake-walk."

GARFIELD'S GHOST.

During the political campaign in this State last fall, much was said by the Half-breed faction of the Republican party concerning the "stalking of Garfield's ghost," and the Stalwart wing was informed in funereal notes of warning that President Arthur should "keep his hands off." Judging by the failure of the President to accede to the wishes of his friends in the matter of appointments and removals from various lucrative offices under his control, the ghost story must have had its effect upon him. Mr. Blaine, Mr. Windom and Mr. Sherman have worked the ghost for all he is worth, and sensible men and women who revere the memory of the murdered President, have tired of the antics of the Maine, Ohio and Minnesota statesmen.

Here in New York, where President Arthur lived for so many years, he is remembered as a bold, aggressive political leader. No one acquainted with the machinery of local politics was more able to set it in quick and rapid motion than he. Democrats and Republicans agreed that he would "take chances" in political moves, and that he was generally successful. When he became President his friends were certain that he would "look out for the boys." The fear that he would thus accommodate his old companions, aroused the Half-breed organs of the country, and gave the followers of Blaine the glorious opportunity of creating a ghost.

The ghost has evidently pursued the President, and has made of the once bold politician a chief magistrate who has not sufficient will-power to follow his own inclinations. It is not necessary to name the men or mention the offices they hold in order to make it plain to the general reader that President Arthur is not surrounded by his friends. The Judge has frequently referred to the fact that there should be harmonious action in all the departments of the government, and has insisted that such action can be obtained only when the chief executive officer finds in the subordinate positions men who have faith in him, men who will seek to add to the strength and good will of his administration. The Judge again calls upon the President to do a duty which he owes to the country and to himself by displacing office-holders who would glory in his downfall.

We agree with our esteemed cotemporary, *The Sun*, that Mr. Aneurin Jones ought never to have been appointed superintendent of the Central Park. Mr. Jones should have been placed in the menagerie in the old Arsenal building.

SCENTING A NEW JOB.

There can be no doubt that the water supply of New York is insufficient for all purposes, and that we should have a new aqueduct or some new means of obtaining all the water needed for a great city like New York. We are, it will therefore be seen, in happy accord with Commissioner Hubert O. Thompson, Mayor Franklin Edson, the distinguished committee appointed by the latter to consider the question of improving the means of securing more water, and the legislature of the sovereign State of New York. We agree with all of these dignitaries, that we must have more water, but we deplore the fact that political sharks will certainly undertake the job of procuring it for us. We have been afflicted with County Court House Rings, State Capitol Rings, and Brooklyn Bridge Rings, and now we are to have, in all probability, a New Aqueduct Ring. The party in power in this city happens to be Democratic, and upon questions of public plunder, it is divided into two factions—the County Democracy and the Tammany Democracy. It will be a bitter fight between these factions for the new aqueduct job. At present, Commissioner Thompson claims the right of way. Whether he will succeed in maintaining it, remains to be seen. When the colossal Commissioner is on the track, Mr. John Kelly is bound to make things lively for him.

THE FREE-PASS FIEND.

The free-pass fiend is a gentleman or lady very numerous in this community, as theatrical managers are very well aware, and although people who pay as they go have made much complaint against the individual referred to, the latter still chuckles in the presence of theatrical managers, and makes demands for free tickets of admission, knowing that he or she has no more right to make such demands than to enter a clothing or dry-goods establishment and obtain free of cost the articles therein offered for sale. Men and women at matinees or evening performances in the theatres or at the opera brazenly occupy seats which they have not paid for, and seem to consider themselves as honest as their honest neighbors. It rests with the theatrical managers to "knock out" the free-pass fiend, and The Judge will act as referee.

The uprising in Rhode Island in favor of William Sprague for governor shows that there is a vast amount of common decency and much largeness of heart among the voters of that little State.

There is a widespread feeling in the community that politics should not enter into the control of the Brooklyn bridge.

Henry George, the thinker, is giving in very plain language his opinion of our Democratic friends.

"WHAT COMES FROM THE CHAIR SHOULD GO ROUND THE TABLE."

LITTLE THREE-YEAR-OLD. — "*Why don't oo tiss Briddet, Papa! Briddet didn't do notten!*"

The Refrain of the Commercial Tourist.

WHEN the enterprising drummer goes a-drumming,
When pursuing to an end his little plan,
He goes a-down the avenue a-humming,
And thinks he sells where nobody else can.
Now he tips his hat to maiden fair of fairest,
And he straightway to the "buyers' room" does go;
For an hour there his whiskers he can caress,
While the "boy" to find the buyer goes below. Oh!
When waiting for a buyer to be done
A drummer's life is not a happy one.
After waiting for two hours for the buyer,
And "He cometh not" the little boy hath said,
He does wish the man considerably higher
Than the kite of which we all of us have read.
Then he goes a-down the avenue a-swearing
Till he meets another drummer in his "line,"
Whom he tells in manner far from overbearing,
"With us, of course, my dear boy, biz is fine." Oh!
When blowing and no selling's to be done
A drummer's life is not a happy one.
To the store with footsteps slow and weary turning
Now our drummer, worn and tired, "sair" does go,
But to hear reproaches fall both hot and burning
From his boss' lips in torrents aught but slow.
He explains that business's dull and nothing selling,
He tells of goods sold cheaper far than his,
But his protests, one and all, are unavailing,
For the boss will always say that fault is his. Oh!
When drumming in dull season's to be done,
A drummer's life is not a happy one. —N. KAY.

RESIDENTS of Porkopolis, when traveling abroad, always refer to Paris as the "Cincinnati of France."

NEW ROCHELLE'S DANGER.

IN order to vary the monotony of the daily journey between New York and the various towns on the line of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., the officers of that most thoughtful of all thoughtful railroads, have provided a means whereby the passengers can afford themselves unlimited amusement.

The site of the depot at New Rochelle has been carefully chosen at a point where the railroad runs through a deep cut, and the building having been placed directly over the track, the result is a most beautifully dark and damp stopping-place.

The extremely high price of oil, combined with the rheumatism of the brakemen, prevent the company from lighting their cars, and, as it is utterly impossible for any one entering to see at all, some very entertaining incidents occur.

The other morning when a train stopped, two gentlemen entered, one at either end. Passenger No. 1 stepped cautiously past four or five seats and then attempted to sit down.

"Oh! oh! help! Conductor!" shrieked a shrill female voice, amid a roar of laughter from the previous occupant.

No. 1 hastily stepped back into the aisle. Meanwhile, No. 2, who, by-the-bye, was a well known lawyer, famous for his dignity, had groped his way to another apparently empty seat into whi h he deposited his portly form.

A yell of agony followed by a perfect storm of oaths and imprecations, ensued, in the midst of which the astonished lawyer rushed through the car only to come in violent contact with the unfortunate No. 1, who had remained standing, fearful of further ventures.

When the car emerged into the light once more, the conductor calmed the angry slumberer, and soothed the agitated female, the New Rochellites found seats, and the rest of the passengers chuckled all the way down.

JAKEY WORTH.

A TOM THUMB editor out in Colorado not long ago stood on his unabridged dictionary and loudly bellowed:

"George Alfred Townsend has the rare accomplishment of using truth with penurious frugality. He is the most plausible, ingenious, profound, picturesque, conscientious, deliberate professional liar in the republic."

And the imperturbed "Gath," in spite of all this, refuses to arise and call the journalistic whipper-snapper "cursed."

DISPATCHES sent to newspapers in various sections of the country, inform us that revolutionary societies are organizing for an active campaign, and that New York is to be the stamping ground for the communists of all Europe. What do you think of it, Superintendent Walling?

THE youthful and oratorical Senator, Thomas F. Grady, of this city, a few evenings ago gave a grand dinner in the Windsor at Albany, in honor of Senator Dennis McCarthy, of Syracuse. We congratulate the young Senator upon his sudden acquisition of wealth.

THE fact that the Queen of England recently received severe injuries by slipping from the stairs of the Palace at Windsor, awakens throughout Christendom sympathy in her behalf.

CHARLES A. DANA is building a residence on Madison avenue, New York, and is to pay $150,000 for it. There is a difference in journalists. Some like to keep house and some like to board.

WE notice disputatious articles in the daily papers about the existence of George Washington's will. In Martha's time such a preposterous idea was never tolerated at Mount Vernon.

WHENEVER any one of Her Majesty's servants in scarlet performs an extra brave deed, Victoria thoughtfully says to herself, "I am so overjoyed that I intend to make a Knight of it."

A SENTIMENTALIST says, "Fill your house with beauty." That's what the man tried to do who married a widow with nine eligible and attractive daughters.

AT Uniontown, Penn., the people continue to hurl their anathemas at Dukes, and one day last week they actually knocked down the *Genius of Liberty* at public sale.

"LOVERS' ROCK" will be found at about every mountain resort and in the domestic nursery.

IT isn't all rouge that reddens the noses of our leading citizens.

GOOD LITTLE BOY—(*Who has been taken to a moral show*)—"*Pop, when that woman dies, will she be an angel?*"

FATHER—(*Benignantly*)—"*Yes, my son.*"

G. L. B.—"*And will she float through space with nothing but a pair of wings?*" (*The picture startles the fond parent, and he is silent.*)

THE CIRCUS PRESS AGENT.

BY E. E. TEN EYCK.

MR. LEVI had become owner of a menagerie.

Mr. Levi's real business is that of a capitalist, and chance so willed it that he lent a certain sum of money (amount not publicly known) upon a wild beast show, the pecuniary advance being secured by a first mortgage.

Said wild beast show was not a success.

The shekels of the unsophisticated failed to fill the coffers, and Mr. Levi with regret, in this case, genuine enough, was forced to foreclose, the agreed upon payment not being forthcoming.

He tried to sell out the show.

Again was he unfortunate.

Wild beasts appeared to be a drug in the market. Hardly a third of the money that he had advanced could he obtain if he had accepted the highest bid, given by a gentleman who telegraphed afterwards that he was slightly delirious when he made it, and would like to reconsider the offer.

So Mr. Levi conferred with a friend of his (he was Mr. Levi's brother-in-law, but strange to say he was also Mr. Levi's friend) named Cohen.

"Vat I vill do, Isaac, I vos not don't find oud. I own dot vild peasts show, but vhere vill I, or how vill I get my monish pack? Auf id vos diamonds, I could pawn them, but who would lend a benny ubon vild peasts?"

Mr. Cohen puffed away on his cigar.

"Levi, mein poy, it vos easy sufficient," said he; "de vild peast busness vos a fortune. Beoples hafe made monish a good deal. For oxample, dere vos Van Ampurgh, Forepaugh, und Parnum. Lookit Parnum. S'elp me, he vos made a mayor. Levi?"

"Vell?"

"Dakit the advice I vos gif you as vun auf de family."

"Vat is id?"

"Run id yourselef und——" (Here Mr. Cohen hesitated.)

"Vell?" again interrogated Mr. Levi.

"I vill go halef auf you makit de derms auf bartnership satisfactory."

Plainly Mr. Levi must have done so, for one newspaper notices of Levi and Cohen's Great Antipodean and Healthful Wild Beast Show, appeared.

The scene changes to Mr. Levi's private office.

Present, Mr. Levi and a young man.

"Vas its you who answered dot adverdisement auf mien for a bress agent, also a brograrmer?" asked Mr. Levi.

"Yes, sir," came the reply.

"You vos oxberienced py writing some notices, hey?"

"I am."

"Making much oud auf liddle?"

The young man drew himself proudly up.

"For five years, sir, I have been a reporter upon the New York *Herald*," he answered.

"Dake a chair," uttered Mr. Levi; "I vould not be surbrised auf you vos shoost vot I vant. I vill let you py a secret."

The young man accepted the chair.

He waited for further developments.

They came presently.

"You are skevare?" cautiously asked Mr. Levi.

"Square as a die!" was the response.

"Von't, auf you vasn't engaged, give us avay?"

"Never."

"Bromise?"

"I do."

"Den I dells you I vos dake a liking to you anyvay, for you lookit like a friend auf mein who kept a glothing store py Baxter sdreet, and vos fined ten dollars for keebing oben auf a Sunday. All auf our vild peast show vos a von-eyed kangaroo, a gouple auf homesick monkeys, a den auf snakes, a shackass, an elephant mid der gonsumption, three parrots and an ostrich; now, shoost sit down und write an advertisement py dem—dere vos paper py your hant."

The young man went to work.

All was still for about five minutes.

Then he handed the following to Mr. Levi:

A TORNADO OF TALENT!
COMING! COMING! COMING!
The Greatest Aggregation of the Phenomenons of Animal Life Known!
LEVI & COHEN'S COLOSSAL COMBINATION.
Their Great Antipodean and Healthful Wild Beast Show.
SIXTY ELEPHANTS (60! 60! 60!)
Led by the Celebrated Monarch of their Species,
"GAMMON!"
For whom the Proprietors paid three million dollars to the Queen of Madagascar.
THE EDUCATED KANGAROO!
The only one in this Hemisphere who can eat his food in six different languages, and also play checkers with any living foe.
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! ($5,000!) FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
To any other wild beast or menagerie show proprietors who can produce a Royal Siamese Jackass equal to ours (the Jackass Mulligan, who has already kicked three keepers to death—a sight of whom is alone worth double the price of admission).
A WRITHING, WRIGGLING SEA OF SNAKES!
A MYRIAD OF MONKEYS!
AN UNSURPASSED AVIARY!
The Ten Thousand Dollar Ostrich which took the first medal at the Melbourne, Australia, World's Fair.

There was some more, but Mr. Levi read no further. He fell upon the young man's neck. "My tear poy," ejaculated he, "you vos shoost my idea. Goom mit us. You vas engaged. Salary vos no object. I dells you straight, I von't kick auf you vants sefen dollars a veek und bay your own dravelling oxbenses!"

To-day Levi and Cohen's colossal combination is one of the most flourishing shows upon the road. The young man is a special partner.

IF Deacon Richard Smith is really the truly good man that he claims to be, it is beyond us how he has managed to make a success of journalism in a city like Cincinnati.

IT doesn't take a Northern invalid very long to get well in Florida. When the first week's hotel bill is presented he generally says: "I guess I am well enough to start for home this afternoon."

A NUMBER of Irish Invincibles have been detected scattering banana peelings in the vicinity of the British House of Parliament.

JACK.—"*Say, Bill, what have you done with your Derby?*"

BILL.—"*I bought this tile to supersede it. A fellow always looks respectable in a silk hat.*"

A DIME'S WORTH.

"Silence, for your lives!" said the scout, drawing his trusty blade, which gleamed in the moonlight. "Silence! or your scalps will be dryin' in the Redskin's wigwam. We are on the tr-r-rail. Ah! take my word for it, the Injuns ain't far off."

THE POPULAR PLAY.

If you want a receipt for that wonderful mystery
  Known to the world as a popular play,
Take all of the villains e'er read of in history,
  From Cain down to Guiteau, and note what they say.
These put in the mouth of your villain theatrical,
  Make him pursue the sad sweet heroine;
Have a brave hero, with speeches dramatical,
  Fate hanging o'er him, which saddens his mein,
A gay Irish servant who strives to be humorous,
  Talks of "acushla, Mavourneen, bedad,"
Who makes love betimes to the servant girls numerous
  In ways which should make all the audience sad;
A march of some soldiers, a shipwreck and bravery;
Explosion of dynamite; stabbing and knavery;
Little real waterfall; fire scene most horrible;
Ballets and nihilists; sword duels terrible;
Cruel parents and lovers, elopements and woe;
Mysteries rivalling any of Poe;—
  Take of these elements all that is assical,
  Dish them all up in a form most unclassical,
  (Hire carpenters, scene-painters, though first to come),
  And a popular play is the residuum.

JEAN PIERRE.

DR. BLISS says he dislikes the idea of an ocean voyage at this season of the year, but he considers it his professional duty to be handy to Moscow in case the Czar should require the services of an eminent physician.

MR. TALMAGE is lecturing in the far South. The abnormal size of his mouth will not be remarked in that section, as the people there are used to that sort of thing from seeing aligators every day.

The Fate of the Comic Singer.

BY ALDERMAN THOMAS CARROLL.

THE comic singer was short and fat, and his full-moon countenance shone like the nickel-plated road. His hair was arranged with mucilage, and his waxed moustache was freshly painted every evening. He wore a cluster diamond pin as large as those which the Count of Monte Cristo distributed among his friends, and this was displayed on a shirt front which had all the advantages of a two-buttoned vest. He claimed to be the most comical of comic singers, and was daily advertised as such. It may be truthfully said that he was yearly advertised as such. His songs were enlivened by the opening and closing of an opera hat and by smiting himself upon his breast with this remarkable hat. Although he claimed to be the most comical of comic singers, and nightly made his appearance on the stage in the attitude of a man giving vent to his feelings in song, *no one ever heard him sing.* It may surprise those who never saw the great man referred to when informed that no one ever heard him sing, but no one who ever saw him will question my veracity. A few evenings ago a large party of visiting statesmen voted that they would attend the theatre in which the most comical of comic singers was advertised to appear.. A certain New Yorker interposed objections, declaring in a loud and boisterous manner that the star of the evening could not sing. Naturally, wagers were at once made, the New Yorker giving odds in backing his opinion. The party, including the New Yorker, went to the theatre and secured seats in the rows near the stage. When the most comical of comic singers made his appearance he was greeted with the usual hearty applause, and the gods in the gallery whistled until the police officer with a rattan rapped them to order.

Then the leader of the orchestra raised his bow, and the band fiercely played, "Oh, George, Don't Make Yourself Ridiculous." At the same time the gash below the great man's nose parted, and he smiled like a pugilist knocked out of time. Just as he seemed full under way, the band ceased to play, and it was discovered that the most comical of all comic singers was merely reciting in monotonous tones the words of the song. The audience was at first stupefied. The singer rolled his eyes and glared at the great chandelier above him, and continued to the end of his lines. His voice was harsh, and his words fell foul of each other. The audience arose. "Come off," shrieked the gods of the gallery, and the party in the front rows hissed. Then the most comical of comic singers caught the eye of the leader, and failing to hear the final smash-up of fiddles, bass drums and things, he fainted, and was carried from the stage. In the star's chamber the rest of the troupe crowded around him and made hurried inquiries. "Give me a gun," he shrieked, "so that I may kill that leader of the orchestra. Somebody has been putting up a job on me, and now the public will know that I can't sing a note." Then he fainted again, and was hurried into a coupe and sent to the Grand Central depot. The veteran New Yorker had merely purchased the orchestra for the evening, and he won his wagers with the party of visiting statesmen.

Mr. W. W. CORCORAN has done what a nation should have done.

Showing the preparations Mrs. McMoriarty made for Wiggins' storm, which, fortunately, did not arrive.

THE PROFITABLE WEATHER PROPHET.

CHAPTER I.

It was the noon of night. I don't know what the noon of night is, but I've read about it, and I'm willing to stake a small supply of our most recent five-cent pieces that it was about that time. Thaddeus Aurelius di Medicine Higgins, Professor of Unnatural Science in the University of Mackerelville, stood upon the threshold of his own door and gazed out upon the myriad stars that were doing their eternal cartwheels through space. He was watching a gentle, dark-green cloud, about the size of a prize Chicago girl's foot, which was meandering along the western horizon. The western wind was singing a soothing picnic melody in the branches of a modest gooseberry bush. Ever and anon the sweet voice of the meditative bullfrog issued out upon the night wind and made things rattle.

"Verily," remarked Thaddeus, "there will be weather of various kinds ere to-morrow night. The planets are twinkling a heap too many twinks. They are marshaling themselves into caucus array, and there's going to be an all-fired lively election rumpus up there."

CHAPTER II.

It was noon of day. I know what that is and can gamble on it cheerfully. Thaddeus was seated on a three-legged Eastlake stool in his seven-by-nine office in Minetta Lane. The sky was filled with clouds. There were evidences of a coming tempest. At that moment Scipio Africanus Thompson, an artist in white, entered the office.

"Good-morrow, me noble boss," remarked he.

"You're another," said Thaddeus.

"We shall have rain ere the five-cent trains begin to hustle folks up town, shall we not?" asked the artist.

"Gadzooks! Marry beshrew thee, gentle knave," replied Thaddeus. "Thou art wrong. There is no chance of rain. At precisely 2 P. M. by your Ansonia clock it will clear up."

"For certain?"

"Yes, for a dead moral certainty."

"Then shall I leave with thee this beautiful new alpaca umbrella while I go and whiten Simpson's fence."

And the confiding artist deposited his umbrella and skipped the doorstep lightly.

CHAPTER III.

It was 2 P. M. by the aforesaid Ansonia repeater. The windows of heaven were taken right out and a universal wash-day was inaugurated. It rained. The celestial fire department had broken loose and was trying some new hose. Thaddeus Aurelius de Medicine Higgins was strolling up the Rue de la Sixth avenue, under a brand-new alpaca umbrella. As he went, he murmured:

"What does it profit a man to prophet for a living unless he can rake in the spoils? Verily I have sown unto the wind and yanked the biscuit."

At that moment a bucket of new-mown whitewash was deposited about his ears, and a stentorian voice exclaimed:

"Take that!"

He took it. The voice continued:

"Get thee to Hoboken, thou false prophet! for, by the wool of my grandfather, thou art a liar and a sneak thief."

And the next day the body of Thaddeus was picked up by a two-wheeled street-cleaning ambulance and taken to a free dump. And he lieth there until this day. Thus was the prophet profitable. *Sic semper absinthe astoria ferri quibusdam Lydia Pinkham.* W. J. H.

Note.—The jokes on the word prophet are not warranted to stand rain. If you wish to preserve them, put them on a railroad track and let a few freight trains run over them. That will make them a little flatter than they are. They may then be pasted up against a board fence and kept for future reference.

It leaked out last week that William M. Evarts had declined an invitation to a public dinner, and soon afterwards telegraphs came pouring in from all parts of this continent and Europe anxiously demanding information as to his exact condition. Mr. Evarts is widely known and respected, and the fact noted above gave rise to the gravest anxiety.

General Grant's portrait is to adorn the new two-cent postage stamp. All the pictures of Grant that we have ever seen represent him with a wart on his cheek and a cigar in his mouth. If this sort of thing is good enough for the Government, it is good enough for us.

During the first century of the Christian era the world was afflicted with publicans and sinners. Now it is afflicted with Republicans and Democrats.

A widow advertises that a young man can have board and lodging, with all the comforts of a home. Higgins chuckles as he pictures her as above.

Some New Books.

"Short Stories for the Little Ones." Complete in one volume. No Name Series.

Too much praise cannot be awarded this little work. The stories are brief and extremely clever. They are of a quieting nature, and after a child has heard one of them, it is generally unable to speak above a whisper. One of the stories deserving of special mention has for its *dramatis personæ* a Dragon, a Blueman, a little six-year-old girl and a Franco-Milesian nurse. The plot is quite simple. If the little girl does this thing, she is fed to the Dragon; if she does that thing, she is fed to the Blueman. She dies in the last chapter, and one wonders that she didn't die in the first. The nurse likes and ultimately marries a policeman. One finishes the story with a feeling of sadness for the policeman.

The Tale of Tommy Tod is one of the most interesting of the series. He makes a specialty of "goodness," and gets a prize for not missing Sunday-school in seven years. He never did anything wicked but once, and that was when he fell and broke his leg on the Sabbath day, spoiling a pair of pantaloons which his mother had just made for him out of some old parlor curtains. When he got well and the bad boys would laugh at his pantaloons, he would show them the beautiful book which the Sunday-school superintendent gave him. After he grew up to be a man he went for a missionary, and was getting in some good work, when a heathen chief had him served up for breakfast. During his entire life he was an earnest Christian.

Following the pathetic story of Tommy Tod is a clever contribution depicting the adventures of Tommy Tough, a very wicked little boy, who always cried when his mother refused to give him four pieces of pie. He went to Sunday-school, too, but it never did him the least good, and for prizes he was nowhere. In fact, the only prize he ever got was a $1,000 bill that he found in a ten-cent package of railroad candy. After causing his parents no end of trouble, he finally ran away to sea and became a pirate. The author describes with great vividness his career in this line of business; how he grew to be a terror along the coast of the Spanish Main; how he finally wearied of this mode of life and returned home, only to find both of his parents dead and his sister working in a hat factory. He gave her $500,000, and a day or two afterwards somebody fell in love with her and married her. He then spent several years in drinking beer and traveling about the country in a parlor car. Later he married, and was elected to Congress, served two years, and then perished miserably of old age. His son is now a well-known "dude" of New York.

Our notice of this book would be incomplete were reference not made to the charming story of two little girls, both members of the same Sunday-school class. Their names are Jane and Nellie. Jane goes to Sunday-school because she likes to, and Nellie goes because she must. Jane puts her penny in the missionary box with great pride, while Nellie puts hers in with great reluctance. Jane is very sorry for the poor little heathens who have no greater ambition than to play in the warm sand all day, but Nellie goes in more for civilization and caramels and clocked stockings. The intention of the author is plainly to bring into violent contrast two girl natures of widely divergent characteristics, and from them to draw a moral, but the moral arrived at is more scientific than religious, and therefore to be condemned. Later we find these young girls have reached the age of womanhood. Jane is teaching a district school at $33 a month, and Nellie is the affianced bride of a young man worth $15,000,000. People who read this story through to the end should be entitled to at least seventy-five cents.

Other tales similar in character to the ones noted are included in the work. It is handsomely bound in oil cloth, and advertises a cook stove on one cover and a patent baby food on the other. Up to the hour of going to press we know of no law which compels anybody to buy it. P. H. W.

It makes Herr Most mad to have his blood brought to him cold, or even lukewarm. He wants it hot, boiling hot, right fresh from the gaping, gurgling veins. It must be a terrible thing to see Herr Most when he is mad. We imagine he might almost scare a bull dog. Three or four hundred thousand of us ought to get together some night and tie him hand and foot with log chains. It would be risky, of course, but a man is not a true man that will not imperil his life to save his country.

A WINTER ROMANCE.

A great moustache—
A diamond flash—
A natty little drummer;
A nobby girl—
Style, smile and whirl—
They'll be married in the summer.

Williamsport Breakfast Table.

Mr. Forney, of *Progress*, owes the memory of Miss Cushman an apology. In his last number I find this statement: "Miss Belle Cushman Eaton, a *grand daughter* of the late Charlotte Cushman, has made her debut as a public reader. She is said to be an accomplished elocutionist." Pray, who was her grandfather?—*New York Dramatic News.*

The daring laureate who rhymed "bombast" with "mainmast" is unkempt, unhammered and unsung.

No wonder that poets rave so about twilight. It's a regular "sun-downer."

Wail of a Widow.

A widow weeping alone,
Stood there by her husband's tomb,
She cried and she made sad moan,
For her heart was filled with gloom.
Alone with her silent dead,
These were the words she said:
"Alas, my loved one is gone,
He was so kind and so true;
I will forever mourn
Until I find number two."

She thought of her gloomy state,
Of her husband under ground;
She trusted that fickle fate
Would soon send a young man round.
Alone with her silent dead,
These were the words she said:
"These weeds my beauty enhance,
Some man will love me yet;
If only I've half a chance,
I will freeze fast, you bet."

P. McCabe.

We suggest that the new nickel piece be stamped "six cents" while the Government is about it. The dies necessary to make the change are expensive, and by thus increasing the value of the coin these dies can be made to pay for themselves, and very likely a profit might be obtained, even without considering what they would bring as old junk. The great trouble with the statesmen of today is, they do not give sufficient thought to the science of political economy. They pay too much attention to drawing their salaries and meandering about the country in parlor cars.

The town of Pithole, Pennsylvania, in the oil regions, twenty years ago was the third largest post-office in the State, and had a population of 15,000 souls. To-day there are but three families living there. This is believed to be the only town in America that doesn't number among its inhabitants a Democratic candidate for President.

It is said that Lord Hastings, at the marriage of his hostler, honored the event by contributing 1,000 pints of beer. When a wealthy English nobleman gets down to giving away pints of beer instead of quarts, it looks to us a little bit stingy.

Pity poor Higgins as he beholds the actual widow!

Best copy avail

GARFIELD'S

The Apparition Invented to keep Pres

py available

LD'S GHOST.

keep President Arthur in subjection.

A NEW SUGGESTION FOR MR. BERGH.

Why not arrest some of the Chefs for boiling lobsters alive? This would make a fine display for him.

On the Road.

BY HENRY CLAY LUKENS.

Wit and Beauty, out sleigh-riding
On a frosty day,
Nimbly o'er the ice-crust sliding,
Speeded far away.

Far away, across the valleys,
Thro' the leafless world—
Beauty simpered at the sallies,
Wit to Echo told.

Echo laughed, and loud the chorus
Rang thro' forest aisles—
"Life and Love are gay before us,
Never mind the miles!"

Thus spake Wit, and foolish Beauty
Giggled at his glee;
Seldom thoughts of stern-faced Duty
Worry such as she.

Sorrow came, not long thereafter—
Beauty's tears flowed fast;
All forgotten, Wit's wild laughter
Grimly smirked the past.

Happiness a gibbering spectre,
Jollity a dream—
Weeds and cypress now bedecked her,
Woe drove Wit's tired team.

Drove it slowly thro' the portal
Of Death's drear domain—
Life and Love, like Wit, are mortal,
Snow-flakes melt like rain.

A BOOK just published is entitled "How to make $560 Yearly Profit with 12 hens." During the past few years some persons have asked such a high price for eggs, than an impression prevailed that they wanted to make a profit of $500 a year with one hen.—*Norristown Herald.*

"THERE, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high"—
Unless you do *my* truthfulness impeach,
The idle, worthless rustics came to—lie.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN MINING COMPANY.

PROSPECTUS.

BRETHREN:—A minister of over twenty years' experience (and more, too), while traveling for his health in Colorado, was one day crossing a stream. The golden sunlight of Autumn was tinting the snowy caps of Pike's Peak, and the murmuring brooklet rushed unconsciously on, eagerly seeking that ocean to which it owed allegiance, reminding us of the immutability of temporal space. He essayed to swing himself across this stream by means of a sapling, slender but powerful, nourished by the choicest juices of the surrounding stream. By some chance the sapling became entangled in the tail of his coat, and both the rear of his clothing and the roots of the sapling experienced a shock. Naturally, an exclamation of annoyance escaped him, and he fain would fling the offending sapling into the whirling stream, when lo! about the roots of the twig a golden glitter attracted his attention. All intent and glowing with emotion, he perceived that it was true, native gold. After the kindly resuscitation of a bottle of pop bitters, he marked the place, afterwards purchased it, and bethought him of the following good work, viz.: To capitalize a mining company to be known as The United Presbyterian Mining Co., to enable church members who are not in circumstances to give as liberally as they would desire, to lay by from the large and ever-increasing dividends a goodly sum and store for the church.

The U. P. Mining Co., 500,000 shares, par value $10 each. A limited amount offered to Presbyterians at $1 per share. Episcopalians taken in at $1.50 per share. Baptists not allowed, as the stock will not be watered.

The following plan is recommended to shareholders for disposing of the large returns sure to accrue when the golden harvest is gathered in:

Dividend No. 1, devote to Sunday School Library.

Dividend No. 2, devote to Home Missions.

Dividend No. 3, devote to Society for Aged, Indigenous, Indigent, Impecunious Dead Beats.

Dividend No. 4, devote to Relief of Ireland.

For the remainder, the good sense of the subscribers will best decide what use is to be made.

[NOTE.—Should the needs of the brethren, for the time being, require personal use of these large dividends, their own consciences will dictate that at the earliest opportunity they should make returns as above. "Freely ye have received, freely use."]

Apply at once to

REV. D. S. WINDLE,
Carson City.

Letters to the Editor from Victims.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am a good Presbyterian. I have only about twenty thousand dollars invested in D. L. & W., on the income of which we must needs live. With a hearty desire to help the church, I have never been able to contribute more than five cents on Sundays. When I heard the mining announcement, it seemed to me a special dispensation of Providence, and I took a hundred shares. Since sending the money I have never heard a word from the mine, except that I could "expect dividends soon." I am still expecting.

Yours respectfully,
WATCHING AND WAITING.

[From a Congregational Clergyman.]

MR. EDITOR:—Since the scandal in regard to Brother Beecher, the ministry is not as lucrative as formerly. I have had a fine reputation hitherto. How can I help it? Seeing the announcement of the U. P. Mining Co., I invested the funds of our Home Missions in it. How can I meet the reckoning in two weeks? ———.

[From an Episcopalian.]

MR. EDITOR:—I have been too much occupied during Lent with weeping, fasting and prayer, and helping Doctor Dix defend himself againsit the infuriated females, to investigate where the money has gone that I sent to the U. P. Mining Co. After Easter let us hope that it, too, will rise and gladden our hearts with a dividend.

JOHN SULLIVAN KNOX.

[From a Baptist.]

When the U. P. Mining Co. was formed, Baptists were excluded. From that time the doom of the mine was sealed. Baptists like water, but never in whiskey or mines; and I have no doubt that the mine is filled with water as a rebuke to this narrow sectarianism. There is no denomination that I would rather see get into trouble than the Presbyterians. They were the first ones who wanted to make a short cut to heaven, and now they want to go there on a full jump. Please publish any details of the Presbyterian failure that you may hear.

A BAPTIST.

THE butcher's prudence can never outweigh his pluck.

KISSING the wrong girl in the right cornfield is enumerated among shock-ing accidents.

TOMMY—"*Say, Eddie, is t'em the only pair of pants you've got?*"

EDDIE.—"*No; I've got anot'er pair at home, but they do i't fit me.*"

LENT is over, the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the elephant is heard in the land. The "formidable" and "colossal" Jumbo has returned to the scenes of his former triumphs, and Monday night the Madison Square Garden was filled by an audience which in quality and size was an appropriate tribute to the genius of an animal whose career since he landed on these shores has been a series of complete successes. Nature has done great things for Jumbo. His lofty stature, his vigorous, picturesque and sometimes melo-dramatic movements are beyond praise, but he does not always display the tenderness and delicacy we have been accustomed to in his lesser rivals. He lacks imagination, and is at times uncertain and obscure. Human opinions are wont to differ, and we have heard him called ugly, repulsive, and even beastly. To many he seems too lethargic, but we fancy if he had a part well suited to him—a mad scene, for instance—he would show us heights and depths we have never dreamed of. In scenes of sudden suspicion or passionate rage he is now as good as his rival Pilot, but take him all in all, his performances are remarkable manifestations of skillful training and great physical resource, and he always makes a profound impression upon the younger portion of his audience. The rest of the supporting company are good, and there are no *waits*. In fact, the Madison Square Garden goes the Madison Square Theatre one better; for instead of a double stage at the latter place, the former gives us three stages at once.

"The Corsican Brothers" and "Monte Cristo" were neither of them bonanzas, but Stetson is plucky and thinks "It is never too late to mend." Booth's Theatre, as a matter of course, has been selected as the place for the mending, judging from the strength of the cast required to repair damages. Mr. George Clarke has been bounced from the Madison Square Theatre, and Mr. Henry Jackson has come all the way from London to boss the job. Let us hope the season will be successful and that the manager will not find himself again "in a hole."

The Casino is as brilliant as ever. Capoul and Theo make a good working team strong enough to draw full houses. Mezieres and Duplan are irresistably funny, and one can stand an opera as hackneyed as "The Chimes of Normandy" if Mezieres is in the cast.

"Pinafore" has departed from the Standard, and "Patience" has been revived at this theatre of resurrected ghosts.

At "The Fifth Avenue" "The Mascot" has also taken leave, and Catherine Lewis is again singing the "Torpedo and the Whale" to the delight of the callow youths who still take pleasure in "Olivette." "The star" (we trust it is to be a fixed star) is blazing away, and Boucicault as Mr. Phenix O'Flattery is a great attraction.

"The Long Strike" is on its winding way, and Mr. John A. Stevens has taken possession of the Cosmopolitan in a piece called "Passion's Slave."

"Fritz" has at last left us. He has played all over the city for an interminable time, and we think it advisable his visit should not be further prolonged. THE JUDGE is tired of seeing his name on the posters, and is glad to welcome Annie Pixley back to Niblo's. The "Corsican Brothers" have left the Grand Opera House, and are now at the Windsor. Curtis has gone on his travels, and "The Romany Rye" follows in the footsteps of the Corsicans.

The San Francisco Minstrels have commenced their perigrinations, and Willie Edouin's Spark's company are playing at their hall in "A Bunch of Keys."

If there be any one who has not yet seen "A Parisian Romance" or "Young Mrs. Winthrop," they had better not stand upon the order of their going, but go at once. On April 9th Mr. Charles Wyndham's company will take possession of the Union Square, and "A Russian Honeymoon" will be placed on the boards of the Madison Square immediately. The audiences at Wallack's are as large as ever, and there is no sign of "A Silver King's" being disturbed for the present.

At Tony Pastor's "Billee Taylor" is enjoyable, and Miss Rose Temple is, as the advertisement states, a great Phebe.

The lovers of music have plenty to enjoy. The opera is in full blast, with Patti, Albani and Scalchi.

Nilsson's concerts are the finest that have been given here for many a day, and on Sunday nights the embarrassment of riches in the shape of sacred concerts is bewildering.

Beside all these, there are readings and lectures innumerable, and last but not least, the panorama of "The Siege of Paris" on the west and the one of "The Siege of Yorktown" on the east side of town.

CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B. S.—Pleased to hear from you.

P. H. W.—Very good. Keep it up.

G. V. D.—The poem is not suitable. Try again.

S. W. C.—Of course rejected manuscript will be returned when the authors send postage stamps.

M. A. W.—Your note, "Will you kindly inform me wether you would except any *Comic* Writers for THE JUDGE Paper: or not—and if so what do you Pay &c.," received. Yes, we *except* you.

GASPER MET THE MAN WHO WAS LOOKING FOR HIM.

Castoria.

Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle
In spite of doctors and the cradle;
Thus it was that our pet Victoria
Made home howl until sweet **Castoria**
Cured her pains;—Then for peaceful slumber,
All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

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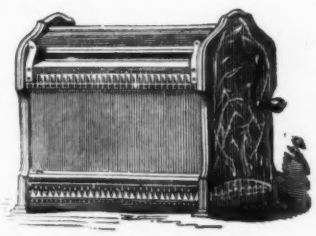

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A LITTLE four-year-old, upon retiring the other night, began to say her evening prayers as usual, and after repeating, "If I should die before I wake," paused a moment and added: "What a rumpus there would be in this house!" Then she recited the concluding line of the prayer and scrambled into bed.—*The Truth Seeker.*

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We want 200,000 new readers for our paper immediately, and in order to obtain them and introduce it into every home in the Union, we are now making extraordinary offers. We will send our new paper, entitled **"Youth"** for the next three months to all who will send us *thirty-three cents* in one-cent postage stamps, to help pay postage and cost of this advertisement; and to each person we will send *absolutely free* one of the **Little Wonder Time-Keepers.** Any one sending $1.00 for three subscriptions will receive paper and *Time-Keeper free.*

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High-Water Mark.

It war jes befo the wah,
And the wust I ever saw
Of all the little niggahs that I had
Was Jim,—who, allers missin,
Stole away to go a-fishin,
An Mosby, he war jes oncommon bad.

One day, out on the crick,
He played a cunnin trick
On a stranger who rode up on tother side.
The bank war rough an steep;
Muddy water, but not deep,
Flowed a-kinder rapid like and wide.

Jim, standin rod in hand,
Kep a-watchin on the man,
Who hollered for ter know ef he could cross,
An Jim he signed to him
With his han up to his chin,
So the man he stripped and 'gan to lead his hoss.

The stranger waded in
On the sign—"up to the chin,"
Spectin evry minit for to meet
Deeper water in the tide,
But he crossed from side to side,
—If you'll believe it—he had scacely wet his feet.

He cut an ugly figger
Fore that sassy little niggah—
But Jim was gone. Did he smile?
The man he swore a streek,
Cussin both the boy and crick;
Well, Jim,—you could yeah his laugh a mile.

B. T. ECIRP.

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CREAM BALM
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CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

A gentleman from Orwell, Pa., called my attention to Ely's Cream Balm as a remedy for Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c. He was so earnest in asserting it to be a positive cure (himself having been cured by it) that I purchased a stock. The Balm has already effected a number of cures. P. F. HYATT, M. D., Bordentown, N. J.

I have used Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh, and can say that it will do all that is claimed for it. C. A. Ives, Ithaca, N.Y.

Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circluar for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail 50c. a package—stamps. ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N.Y.

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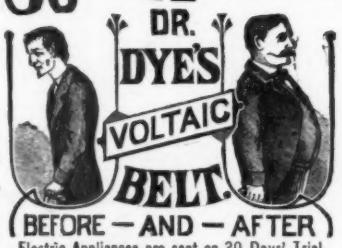
Foreign Novelties.
QUALITY, the Best.

AGENTS for the sale of these remarkable **HATS** can be found in every City in the United States.

All Hats manufactered by this House are the recognized standard of excellence throughout the world.

None Genuine without the Trade-mark.

30 DAYS' TRIAL



BEFORE — AND — AFTER

Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.

TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD,

WHO are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, LACK OF NERVE FORCE AND VIGOR, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration of HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. The grandest discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

CATARRH

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address

Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

CHAMPAGNE "DE MONTIGNY."

JUDGE: I pronounce this delicious wine
UN X L D.
All in court have glasses filled, and cheer,
"DE MONTIGNY!"
Extra first quality dry.
E. C. RAMSDEN, Sole Agent, 108 Front St., N. Y.

THE report that Roscoe Conkling will take the stump for Sprague, in Rhode Island, lacks confirmation.—*The Oil City Blizzard.*

THE country is going to the devil with a rush—a man has been convicted of an attempt to bribe an Ohio legislator.—*Rhea County News.*

THE one tidal wave Governor who comes up to public expectation all the time is Benjamin F. Butler. The public expect him to create a perpetual circus and he never disappoints them.—*Norristown Herald.*

"WHEN a man lies," remarks an exchange, "the devil laughs." When a woman lies the devil hasn't time to laugh. He's too busy putting up some other woman to catch her at it.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

THE proprietor of a railway restaurant now looks over his stock of ready-made doughnuts and wonders if they will last over another summer. Subsequently, as usual, he concludes they will.—*The Lowell Citizen.*

"HERE," she said, handing her boozy husband a funny newspaper, "read this; there will be some friends here this evening, and I wish you to sober up."—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

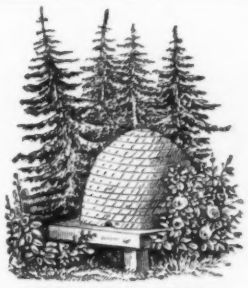
"WAS that the Olean train that whistled just now?" inquired a lady yesterday of one of the employes in the union depot. "No, ma'm; that was the engine," replied the polite official.—*The Bradford Mail.*

Two ladies were coming out of the theatre. Seeing the other drop her playbill, one of them exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Blank, do you always throw your programme away? I should think you would like to keep it for a momentum!"—*Boston Transcript.*

AN Erie policeman rushed into a fine house, thinking some one was being murdered, but it was only the voice of a young woman who had dropped a hot slate-pencil down her back while she was curling her hair.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

IF the statement be true that there are 9,000,000 children in the United States who are outside of all Sunday-school education and influence, there is a wider field for missionary work at home than can be found in Tongataboo.—*Boston Star.*

HALE'S HONEY OF



"Nothing without Labor."

HOREHOUND & TAR

FOR THE CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Difficult Breathing,
AND
All Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, Leading to Consumption.

This infallible remedy is composed of the HONEY of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with TAR BALM, extracted from the LIFE PRINCIPLE of the forest trees ABIES BALSAMEA, or Balm of Gilead.

Those who have used it say that **Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar** is wonderfully remedial in all cases where the organs of respiration are affected, and that its action is unusually rapid. It contains nothing that can disorder the stomach, and has an extremely agreeable flavor.

Children derive great benefit from its soothing properties when suffering with Croup and Whooping Cough.

Prices, 50 cts. and **$1** per bottle; largest, cheapest.

Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, &c.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18, 1880.

I suffered greatly from hoarseness caused by preaching every night. I was advised to try HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR, and can most cheerfully recommend the same as being a most excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds, &c.

Yours respectfully, &c., DAVID W. COUCH,
Pastor Eggleston Square Church, Boston, Mass.

In Bronchial Affection it is also specially useful.

HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, 50 Cents.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

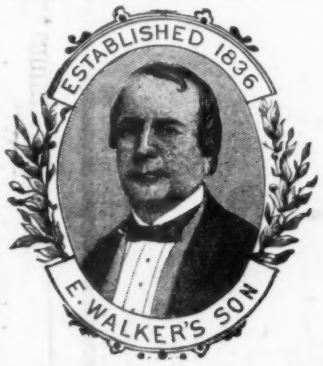
The most effective external REMEDY extant for the cure of SKIN DISEASES, and for BEAUTIFYING the COMPLEXION.

Beware of Imitations.

Sold by Druggists, 25c.; 3 cakes, 60c.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, New York.

AGENTS CAN NOW GRASP A FORTUNE. Outfit worth **$10** free. Address
E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay st., N. Y.



OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END.—ECCL. 12:12. *ESTABLISHED* 1836.

NEAT AND ELEGANT

BOOK BINDING

From the Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles. Emblematic Designs for all the Leading Subscription Books. Specimens on exhibition.

IF YOU WANT GOOD WORK, AT LOW FIGURES, AND SAVE AGENT'S COMMISSION, COME DIRECT TO

JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St., N. Y.

A FILE OF NEW YORK HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES, TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.

EDITION WORK AT SHORT NOTICE A SPECIALTY.

A STARTLING DOMESTIC REVOLUTION

HAVE YOU HEARD OF

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Which is declared by Editors, Housekeepers, Scientific Men, Physicians, and by Army and Navy Officers, to be one of the

MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES OF MODERN TIMES

Have you heard how representatives of the best class of newspapers, having visited the Factory, were amazed at the enormous amount of Soap manufactured, the entire absence of any unpleasant odor, and the absolute cleanliness and purity of the ingredients;

Have you heard how it excels FOR ALL USES the Celebrated Soaps of Europe and America

Started in a small way and backed only by its remarkable and amazing qualities, it has achieved marvelous success, and now boasts a Factory fitted up with the most approved machinery, and an office on the most prominent street of the city of its nativity, while an extensive demand from all parts of the United States and Canada, and letters continually being received from Europe, Africa, China, Japan, Sandwich Islands, West Indies, and South America, show that its fame is spreading to every portion of the Civilized World —a phenomenal success only possible to an article worthy to rank with the inventions of Morse, of Howe, and of Edison.

A Fair, Honest Trial makes it indispensable to every Man, Woman and Child who uses Soap

JUDGE TOURGEE in "OUR CONTINENT"

Has fallen in line, and that well-known and ably-edited periodical says:

That the publisher and his family having tested The Frank Siddalls Soap, are prepared to acknowledge its superiority over all other Soaps

Use it for Washing Windows and Mirrors

Forney's Progress

(The world-renowned American society paper:—a piquant record of fashion and of fashion's doings, both in our own country and in Europe,)

Enrolls itself among the warmest of the friends of The Frank Siddalls Soap, which has Mrs. Forney's earnest recommendations as being indispensable for both Toilet and Household use.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving

THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS

(The great family non-sectarian religious weekly, circulating in every State and Territory, and accepted as an authority by thinking men and women throughout the U. S.)

Gives editorial endorsement in the strongest language of every claim made for The Frank Siddalls Soap.

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes

THE N.Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER

(Undoubtedly the most influential Catholic Journal in America, edited by James A. McMaster, Esq., a man whose pen is ever found ready to extol or condemn as his strict sense of truth and justice dictates)—

Has given The Frank Siddalls Soap emphatic endorsement in the editorial column of his paper, insisting that his readers shall study their own interests by availing themselves of its valuable qualities for Toilet as well as for Laundry use.

Do not omit to read our

Special Premium to the Wives of Grocers

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the **Housekeeper** and her **Help**, to the **Boarding-House Mistress** and her **Lady Boarders**, to the **Farmer's Wife** and her **Daughters**, for the **Toilet** and **Bath** of **Every Lady of Refinement**, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the **Housekeepers of New England** (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that **it meets approval in the Homes of New England.**

—FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE—

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water is scarce, or has to be carried far, remember that with The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc. from the forks and dishes. **When you have a dirty dish-rag** dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dish-rag=or=Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of

—FOR HOUSE CLEANING—

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike housekeeper.

Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ordinary soap is not fit for washing glass, while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant article for this purpose that can be imagined.

For Washing Bed-Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with contagious and infectious diseases, and for washing Utensils used in the Sick Room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without the least necessity of scalding or boiling a single article.

—FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES—

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, **its ingredients being so pure and mild.**

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

—FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL—

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, *leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a Scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.*

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Actor, the Bather at the **Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel, the Stable, the Railroad,** the **Army,** and the **Navy,** will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

—FOR SHAVING—

Its heavy, lasting Lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

—FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.—

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., it is indispensable. **No Stable is complete without it.** For harness it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car-windows, cleaning the running gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, **and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.**

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar Soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

—IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS—

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

—AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT—

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when any other soap is used, while for washing the invalid **it is a most valuable aid to the Physician,** by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, **and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.**

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for washing sores on the feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes. Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For Washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is here publicly guaranteed to do everything claimed in this Advertisement, and positively contains nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors, or the finest fabrics.

SPECIAL PREMIUM TO THE WIVES OF GROCERS.

A most magnificent Premium can be had by the Wife of every Grocer in the United States.

The Premium is a very handsome velvet-lined case, containing 6 beautiful heavy Silver-plated Knives and 6 Forks manufactured specially for this purpose, and guaranteed to be the finest quality made.

THE PREMIUM WILL BE GIVEN TO THE *WIFE OF A GROCER* EVEN IF HER HUSBAND *DOES NOT SELL THE SOAP.*

IT WILL BE SENT *AFTER* SHE HAS MADE A *THOROUGH TRIAL OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,*

AND ENOUGH SOAP TO MAKE THE TRIAL WILL BE SENT *FREE OF CHARGE.*

The Wife of a Grocer who desires to get this valuable premium *MUST* try a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap on the whole of the regular family wash *strictly by the very easy directions*, and then send word by mail to the office in Philadelphia, together with business card or printed advertisement of some kind, to show that her husband is a grocer:—or send a bill for groceries bought of some wholesale grocer.

IF YOU SELL THE SOAP YOU CAN GET A CAKE OUT OF THE STORE TO TRY.

IF NOT, A CAKE WILL BE SENT BY MAIL, *FREE OF CHARGE,* IF THE 2 PROMISES ARE MADE.

(The Premium is NOT sent until AFTER a thorough trial of the Soap has been made.)

The offer is NOT a humbug:—letters get prompt attention. If you dont get any reply to your letter asking about the present, it will be because you have not sent word that you have tried the Soap, or because you have not sent proof that you are the wife of a grocer.

Sold in New York by H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co., Francis H. Leggett & Co., Austin, Nichols & Co., and many others.—Sold by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer in Philadelphia.—Sold in Chicago by W. M. Hoyt & Co., Harmon, Merriam & Co., Martin L. Hall & Co., Howard W. Sperr & Co., and many others.—Sold in Boston by Briggs & Shattuck, Rockwood Bros., and many others.—Sold in Pittsburg, Harrisburg, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, New Orleans, Providence, Brooklyn, San Francisco, Washington, Ithaca, Utica, Troy, Albany, Hartford, New Haven, Rochester, Trenton, Newark, Wilmington, Louisville, St. Paul, Omaha, Victoria (B. C.), Halifax, Montreal, Burlington, Wheeling, Columbus, Erie, Cleveland, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Portland, Syracuse, Dayton, Peoria, Jersey City, Haverhill, Rome, Binghampton, Paterson, Minneapolis, Bridgeport, Quincy, Terre Haute, Davenport, Cedar Rapids, Kalamazoo, Atchison, Jacksonville.—Sold in every State and Territory and in nearly every town and village in the United States.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, *that is always pleasant, even to an invalid,* it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even the Imported Castile Soap causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth

No tooth powder or tooth wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth brush.

This Soap is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE OR WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a Sponge has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out;*) it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, will not chap, from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, but of course no home-made or other soap (not even Castile) must be used.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

If you have a Pet Dog wash it with The Frank Siddalls Soap; be sure to leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—it keeps the colors bright, and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will, of course, last much longer.

Milk Pans, Churns, and all Milk Utensils when washed with the Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do not require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY

At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in Money or Postage Stamps.
Say she saw the Advertisement in "The Judge."
Only send for One Cake, and make the following Two Promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used *the first wash-day* after receiving it, *and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.*

Promise No. 2—That *the person sending will personally see* that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be *exactly* followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* and it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on.

All this is done for 10 cents,
because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.

Only one cake must be sent for, but after trying it, the stores will then buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer or the Wife of a Minister, if the above TWO promises are made.

Make the promises very plain, or it will not be sent.

No Intelligent Woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.

"THE JUDGE"
authorizes the statement
that a thorough test of The Frank Siddalls Soap
for Toilet and General Household Uses
in the houses of gentlemen connected with its staff
proves it to be everything claimed.

The Frank Siddalls Soap never fails when it falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

Dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next Wash-day give one honest trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

You must NOT send for more than one cake, *if a friend wants to try it, she MUST send in a separate letter.*

☞ And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age, who has common sense, will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler *Must Not* be used, *not even to heat the wash-water,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

Where water is scarce or has to be carried far,
The Frank Siddalls Soap will prove a great saving.

A Wash-boiler will always have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful Housekeeper,* and this injures some of the delicate ingredients in this Soap.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it seems.

☞ *Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.*

Be sure to make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the Soap, *but will be as sweet as if never worn,* and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron much easier. *Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch: it will make the ironing easier, and the pieces look handsomer.*

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; *dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other Soap on any of the wash.*

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold, add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the White Pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

The most delicate colors will not fade when washed this way, but will be the brighter.

Address all Letters:—Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

SCENTING A NEW JOB.

The Political Spoilsmen after a Slice of the New Aqueduct.